

## WEEKLY



## VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, September 29, 1804.

[No. 104]

## THE MARRIAGES OF ROSINE.

(Anecdote from the French, by the Count de Rosiers.)

(Concluded from page 402.)

ONE evening, at a supper, chance placed Rosine near one of those superannuated and contemptible women who, being no longer the altars of vice, search still for victims for it. For a long time she had thought to be revenged of Rosine, who had never cared to associate with her; on the contrary, had refused many parties where she had wished to meet her: her penetration soon discovered the uneasiness which preyed upon her mind, and wished to give a final stroke to it; and, alas! that was but too easy to accomplish.

"Why," said she, "with your youth and beauty, are you so long the dupe of your sentiments? Every body, you excepted, know M. d'Hericourt: were you an angel, you would not fix him. He is now attached to a woman of the Court, distinguished by her rank and credit; they certainly are familiar together, and they care little about the publicity of the connexion, for their rendezvous are well known: the whole neighborhood may be easily acquainted with the day and the hours."

Happily for Rosine, she got up from

table at this moment, and went out of the room, wandering, with a heart bitterly oppressed. She feigned indisposition, ordered her carriage, and drove home: arrived there, she at first could but sigh on the hardness of her fate.

After passing some time in sobs, she went to her husband's apartment. Four in the morning came, and he did not return:—what a shock! He forgot, in the arms of another, his duties, his fidelity—I can no longer describe the distracted imagination of Rosine. Lost in the abyss of despair, oppression and fatigue at last overcame her: she fell upon her bed; and sleep for some moments, gave a respite to her sorrows. D'Hericourt was assuredly at the Duchess's, but that night had not wronged his wife.

Indisposition accompanied with fever during the whole of the night continued with him until morning. He ordered himself to be removed home. Rosine, awakened by the noise of the people and the carriage, saw her husband enter, pale, half dead, and scarcely able to support himself. Judge of the situation of both!—it was not a time for reproach, but of succor.

The sensible Rosine forgot, from this moment, all her cause of complaint; the small pox soon appeared, and the symptoms became alarming: d'Hericourt himself felt that his general con-

stitution could not support that cruel malady. Arrived at that crisis when Truth appears in all its brightness, in which all the pleasures of this world appear but as vain phantoms, remorse with all its horrors, assailed him on every side; the image of God, the avenger of the innocence of so many women devoted to shame and misery, tormented his final moments: he could no longer support the idea of having deceived so respectable a wife. The Chevalier's heart was not naturally corrupt: vanity, bad advice and example, had foolishly led him astray. His true character appeared in his last moments: he desired his wife to be called, who, falling into tears, dragged herself along to the foot of his bed. He made a general confession of his errors, beseeched her to grant him her pardon, assured her he had need of it to appear before so awful a Tribunal: he regretted but her in the world, although he had never acted worthy of her.

The pardon of d'Hericourt was sealed by the sobs of Rosine: she saw his malady without remedy—her husband was expiring in her arms!

"Alas!" said she, "was not Heaven inexorable, perhaps his situation, his repentance, might have weaned him from his errors!—he might have been, but for her—"

Vain illusions! after struggling against



the agonizing pains of death, she saw him resign his breath!

Soon after performing for him the last sad offices of kindness, she shut herself up in the apartment he had occupied, and was during a whole year inaccessible to every comforter. Her good mother, in whose bosom she had never ceased unfolding her secrets, came to visit her every day; but she began to fear, with reason, that secluding herself for so long a time might injure her daughter's health; her tenderness for her made her exert her authority to draw her out of it, and Madame d'Hericourt appeared again in the world.

She had had sufficient leisure to make many useful reflections on her destiny; she felt that love alone had been the cause of her misfortunes; that repose was only to be found in avoiding the rocks of this dangerous passion: with this view, she promised herself cautiously to avoid, for the future, every serious proposal. She had no children by d'Hericourt; her relations persuaded her to enter into new engagements; the state of widowhood not being pleasant without being a mother. If Rosine declared against love, she still thought herself capable of inspiring this sentiment—was it not natural?

For six months she had coldly received the homage of many; and the young Marquis d'Olban appeared to her the most persevering, and the least repulsed by her severity. To shorten my history, I will say, that Madame d'Hericourt changed her name for that of the Marchioness d'Alban; and her second marriage, precisely the reverse of the first, was not, consequently, more happy.

Rosine—became more gay than ever—gave umbrage to her new and inexperienced husband: she replied to his hastiness with spirit, and followed the dictates of her conscience, that reproached her with nothing, which irritated to excess the fiery temper of d'Olban. Every day was marked by strange passions; a gloomy jealousy fermented his bile: he insisted that she should renounce, on his account, her friends—her parties of pleasure.

Thus did Rosine become unhappy by the very sentiments she had inspired, as, in the first instance, for the contrary

reason. Her fate was singular, and gave her cause of reflecting on the strangeness of her fortune.

To carry his tyranny still higher, her husband, whose duty called him to the army, informed her, that, not being able to follow him, she must decide upon a convent, to dwell there during his absence; that, having no children, and her mother being no longer at Paris, a woman could not ramble, isolated, into fashionable life. D'Olban, in announcing to her this new mortification, did not care to hide from her his apparent jealousy. Without remorse, he drove to despair the heart of his wife; and, after having seen her take possession of an apartment among the sisters of —, he scrupulously shut up his own house, quitted her, devoured with gnawing cares, and without dissembling to make her hated by the hard treatment he made her suffer; yet, nevertheless, unable to conduct himself otherwise, carried away as he was by the frenzy of his passion.

But the hazard of war put an end to the captivity of the Marchioness d'Olban; her untractable husband was killed in fighting for his country: behold her, then, a second time, a widow, and in possession of all her rights.

Shall Rosine again take a husband?—why not?—she was but twenty-five years of age, and her experience forbade intrigues. She exposed herself, then, to the chance of a third marriage; and she chose a man fifteen years older than herself, and who enjoyed the merited reputation of being agreeable, benevolent, and sensible; in short, a kind of philosopher: she did not feel a decided attachment for him, nor was he, on his side, violently smitten, which was precisely what caused the happiness of both.

Confidence increased between them; a tender friendship insensibly drew the marriage bonds more and more tight: and children, after which they sighed, completed their felicity.

Thus Rosine, after having suffered two severe trials, was, by persevering, rewarded for her sufferings. She knew the true light in which marriage ought to be considered, by presenting ourselves at the altar without passions, without violent inclinations; for disgust will

sooner or later make us pay dear for such short-lived illusions.

It is sufficient to have no repugnance or dislike: should your characters not sympathize, you live, at least, without strife and afflicting one another; and if analogy be found, there friendship will soon join the party, and make you often taste its consoling powers; which I think preferable to love, because it has all the enjoyments of that passion, without its blindness.

J. T.

(From a Poughkeepsie Paper of Sept. 11; 1831.)

#### COMMUNICATION.

[The following was communicated to us from respectable authority, and we have no doubt of its being literally correct.]

#### THE HERMITESS OF NORTH-SALEM.

WHEN the train of human events appears to deviate from its wonted course, and becomes productive of characters altogether new and unexampled, it has a claim on the world to be perpetuated.

An instance of this kind, where nature has appeared surprisingly to wander from its wonted operations, is displayed in the character, and manner of life, exhibited by a certain female in the vicinity of this town. We often hear of men from various motives, preferring a life of solitude in some gloomy cavern of the earth; but to find one of the fair sex immured in a cave, wholly secluded from human society, is a rare phenomenon.

Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidity of mind, their loquacity of temper, and their inordinate love of seeing and of being seen, to find them forsaking all human society for the dreary haunts of savage beasts appear when related, too romantic to gain belief. Yet, the reader may rely on the sequel, as a simple narrative of facts.

Sarah Bishop, (for this was the



## OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

411

name of this Hermitess) is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago she was a young lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments, and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but she was of a tender and delicate constitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health; and could be hardly comfortable without constant resource to medicine, and careful attendance; and added to this, she always discovered an unusual antipathy to men; and was often heard to say that she had no dread of any animal on earth but man. Disgusted with them, and consequently with the world, about twenty three years ago, she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life resorted to the mountains, which divide Salem from North Salem; where she has spent her days to the present time, in a cave, or rather in the cleft of a rock, withdrawn from the society of every living creature. Yesterday in company with the two capt. Smith's of this town) I went into the mountains to visit this surprising Hermitage, a just portrait of which, is contained in the following lines:

As you pass the southern and most elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern step, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock of about ten feet in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of Long-Pond.

On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain rises in cliffs, and almost incloses it, being a square of about one half acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears to be a large frustrum on the rock, of a cubic fathom size, thrown out of the rock by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lies in front of the cavity from whence it was rent, partly inclosing the mouth, and forming a room of the same dimensions with the frustrum itself, the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion.

The cavity is the habitation of this hermitess, in which she has spent 23

of her best years, self excluded from all human society.—She keeps no domesticated animal, nor even a fowl, a cat or a dog. Her little plantation, consisting of one half acre is cleared of its wood and reduced to grass, but she makes little use of it, excepting that she has raised a few peach trees on it, and she plants yearly a few hills of beans, cucumbers and potatoes. The whole plat is surrounded with a luxuriant growth of grape-vines, which overspread all the surrounding wood, and produce grapes in great abundance. On the opposite side of this little tenement, or cave, is a fine fountain of excellent water, which issues from the side of the mountain, and loses itself in this little place.

At this fountain we found this wonderful woman, whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe; indeed, like nature in its first estate, she was without form, that is, she appeared in no form or position I had ever seen before; her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured any human shape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriance of lank grey hair, depending on every side, just as nature and time had formed it, wholly devoid of any artificial covering or ornament.

When she had discovered our approach she exhibited the appearance of any other wild and timid animal. She started, looked wild, and hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, which she entered and barricaded the entrance with old shells\* which she pulled from the decayed trees.

To this humble mansion we approached, and after some conversation with her, we obtained liberty to remove the palisades and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate a single person. We conversed with her for some considerable time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and to be entirely happy and contented with her situation; of this she has given to others repeated demonstration, who have in vain, solicited her to quit this dreary abode. We saw no utensil either for labor or cookery, excepting an old pewter bason, and a gourd shell; no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there upon it; no bed clothes of any kind;

nor the least appearance of any sort of food and no fire.

She had indeed a place in one corner of her cell, where she kindles a fire at times, but it does not appear that any fire had been kindled there this spring. To confirm this opinion a gentleman says that he passed her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March last, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe seasons, is yet a mystery.

She says she eats but little flesh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how she is supported through the winter season. In the summer she subsists on the berries, nuts, and roots, which the mountains afford. It may be that she secrets her winter store in some other fissure in the rock, more convenient for that purpose than the cell she inhabits.

She keeps a Bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time in reading in it, and meditating thereon. It may be this woman is a sincere worshipper of God; if so, she is yet more rich, wise, and happy, than thousands in affluence and honor, who behold her with astonishment and scorn.

At any rate, from this humble, yet astonishing page of human nature—we read a most interesting lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar state of this woman's heart, which drove her to forsake the society of man, and led her to this solitary mansion. The peculiar relish of the human heart will embrace solitude, dishonor, deformity, and death itself for happiness, whilst its antipathies can embitter a paradise of joy.—Reason has no power against its influence; it is not the energy of science, but a heart forced to a wise, decent, and useful life, that must regenerate the world.

\* By "shell" we suppose our correspondent means the pieces of timber split from trees.



(From the Edinburgh Magazine.)

## OBSERVATIONS

*On the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Edinburgh—In a letter from an American Quaker in Edinburgh, to a friend in Philadelphia.*

RESPECTED FRIEND,

I REMEMBER, when we shook hands at parting on the shore of Philadelphia, that I promised to give thee a description of Edinburgh, and an account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Verily the city flourisheth. It aboundeth with regular streets, beautiful squares, and magnificent buildings; it daily encreaseth in magnitude and opulence, and will soon be one of the first cities of the world.

But thou knowest, my friend that I love more to speak of men, than of the dwellings they inhabit. Although from the shortness of my residence I am unable to say much on this subject, yet as we are eager to communicate ideas which have been strongly imprest, and to relate incidents in which our passions have been interested, I send thee an account of my first walk through the city, in hopes that it will afford thee entertainment.

The day after I arrived, a man who lodges in the house with me, kindly offered to conduct me along the streets, and show me the curiosities of the place. I accepted his offer with thankfulness, and we set forward. The first object that arrested my attention, was a well drest woman, who passed before us, with a bunch of hair between her shoulders, resembling the hump of a Dromedary. Supposing they were deficient in symmetry, and that she had chosen this ridiculous method of concealing their defects, I was commiserating her misfortune and her folly, when, lo! a second appeared. Again my pity and surprise were excited, but judge my astonishment, when looking round, I beheld the street thronged by women with humps as well as they. In short, my friend, hump succeeded hump, till I could contain no longer, but turning to my companion, "Friend, said I, are the damsels of Edinburgh subject to deformity, that I thus behold them disfiguring their back by a bunch of hair?" He smiled at my ignorance, and told

me that bear-skin was at present the rage. "I have heard, said I, of countries where the women wore the skins of sheep, which at least was an emblem of gentleness, but surely those of this country would not have us to suppose, that to the skin they added the ferocity of the bear."

"Where I disposed, replied my companion, to treat the ladies with cynical asperity, I might rail at the folly and corruption of the times, but being determined to examine with candor, before I censured with severity, I have discovered, that what the world attributes to vanity and caprice, is the effect of wisdom and design.

"It hath been observed, that the ladies have lost much of that deference which was paid them by our gallant ancestors. Convinced by experience of the truth of the observation, and afraid of totally shrinking into eastern insignificance, they determined to make an effort to recover their former eminence. Discovering that mankind are fond of variety, they wisely resolved to gratify this our darling appetite, in the article of dress. Accordingly they immediately lowered their waists six inches, and in a short time afterwards their waists totally disappeared. Now they assailed us with a *pad* before, now with a *pad* behind. Now their gowns swept the streets a yard behind them, then they prudently dock'd their tails. Next they concealed their bosoms beneath a piece of lace called a *modesty-piece*, then they discovered that modesty-pieces were *useless* things. Then they led to the field a phalanx of *Helmets, Turbans, Su-warrows, Camperdowns, Nelsons, Ottos, Addingtons, Giftseys, Grecians, Crazy Janes, &c. &c.* Observing however, that all these had no effect, they resolved to strike a bold stroke, and thought if they could not obtain our reverence as females they would demand our respect as males. As this was the most important step, they had taken they proceeded with caution. First they adopted our hats, then our coats, and vests, then our neck-cloths; and observing that a man however well dressed otherwise, looks rather shabby without a *shirt*, they with laudable zeal put on a shirt also. A friend has assured me that they also wore our breeches, in ambush, ready for service, in case of extremity; but as they have never appeared in public, of the truth of this I

shall not determine. So completely were they metamorphosed, that one evening, I mistook a lady with masculine features and a long nose, for a friend in the country.

"Success begets confidence. Observing they had made some progress, and resolved to seize an opportunity of completing their conquest, they have now wrapped themselves in a bear-skin in order to terrify us into subjection. From this vigorous measure, I foresee beneficial consequences to society. A gentleman who has his wife thus equipt, and has spent his fortune on the *turf* or at a *gaming table*, with the aid of a hand-drum, and a whistle, will be enabled to recreate the public, and to earn a comfortable subsistence for his family."

"Friend, said I, I am astonished, at what thou hast told me, for I have read much in thy writers of the fascinating blush of modesty, and the winning softness of the sex." "No doubt you may, replied he, but if you wish to examine the justness of the copy, you must seek some other place to find an original.

I remember, my friend, that thou reproached thy sister Dinah, when on the street, in the innocence of her heart, she uncovered her shoes. But now should thy bosom swell with abhorrence, didst thou behold the abominations that are here practised. As we passed along a damsel walked before us, whose petticoats were suspended at least six inches from the ground; but not thinking I suppose, that she had discovered enough, she put round her hand and lifted them six inches higher:—my companion smiled in my face, and I pulled my hat over my brow lest mine eyes should have looked upon vanity.

Such, my friend, is a specimen of the manners of this people; when I have had time to examine, I will perhaps be able to give thee a more satisfactory account. Accept a repetition of my affection, and let me hear from thee soon. Farewell.

T. R.

Edinburgh, third Month, 1803.



## ANCIENT STORY.

*In Mrs. Murray's Guide to the beauties of the Western Highlands of Scotland, many curious anecdotes are interspersed, and traditional tales, related in a sprightly manner, one of which we transcribe.*

EVERY length of the boat brought us something new to admire; but when I came to the point called Bein-an-Gore (peak of Godfrey) I was lost in admiration. The height of the peak, and the formation of the rocks, from the top to the bottom, many of them columnar, amazed and delighted me. The seamen lay on their oars while I gazed; and they were almost as much astonished at my raptures, as I was at the wonderful appearance of Bein-an-Gore.—

What a leap, thought I was that of Godfrey! In ages past, the McLeans of Loch Buq were absolute monarchs of the south side of Mull, and in those days hunting deer was their amusement and support. Loch Buq commanded a great chace and gave strict charge to an attendant named Gore, (Godfrey) not to suffer a stag to escape through a certain pass, and at the same time declared, if such a thing did happen, Gore should forfeit his life. Gore took his station, but notwithstanding all his caution, some deer forced the pass, and made their escape. Gore did not lose his life, but he was ignominiously chastised in the presence of the chieftain, and his assembled clan, on the summit of the peak.

The proud Highland blood of Gore boiled at the indignity he had sustained in the sight of his chief and clan. Death in his opinion would have been honorable, but the sting of disgrace was more than he could bear. Young and old were assembled to see the chace, and poor Gore's shameful chastisement.—Amongst the rest was a nurse, with the infant son of the chief in her arms.

Gore watches his opportunity, snatched Loch Buq's child from the arms of his nurse, and with him in his hand leaped amongst the rocks of the peak's shelf far below the astonished spectators. Gore came safely upon his feet, with the babe in his hand, and there held his victim in triumph.—Rewards and honors were offered, tears and entreaties were poured forth by the distracted pa-

rents to Gore to save and restore their only son.

At length he seemed to relent, and declared if Loch Buq was brought within his sight and chastised in the same ignominious manner he had been, he should be satisfied. The parent, for the sake of his child, readily submitted to be treated precisely as Gore had been, and then required the restoration of his son; Gore, with a smile of triumph and contempt raised the child in his hand at arm's length in the air, and with a shout threw himself over the peak. Both Gore and the child were dashed in pieces long before they reached the sea.—

Such deeds wear the resemblance of fable; but those who are well acquainted with the life and manners of remote Highlanders before the year 1745, will not think them wholly incredible.

## SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

*(From a late Providence, (R. I.) paper.)*

Reward Merit and encourage Industry.

MR. GEORGE MARTIN, an American, having by a sedulous attention to his profession acquired a knowledge in Boot and Shoe making, proposes on Wednesday, September 5th, at Mr. Ellis' Tavern, to exhibit to the inspection of the public, a *Boot* of his own workmanship, which has four feet, one leg, one heel with a bell in the centre, made on a wooden last, without any apparent sign how or where the last and tree were taken out.

He also will exhibit a *Shoe* without any seam or opening, which will puzzle the most penetrating eye to discover the aperture out of which the last was taken.

He will also exhibit a specimen of his common wearing work, which is far superior to any imported. All the above have been examined by several gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, before the tree and last were taken therefrom, and acknowledged it to be the greatest curiosity of the kind ever seen; no alterations have since

been made. The public may be assured there is no paste, glue, or cement of any kind used.

He will also perform on the *Slack Rope* various evolutions; displaying fetes of activity in workmanlike manner; viz, he will work on a turn pump in seven different positions. Mr. Martin does not wish to be considered a *Rope Dancer* or a *Tumbler*—his only aim is to procure a small pittance to enable him to set up his business and furnish to his fellow citizens the neatest Boots and Shoes that can be made.

N. B. Admittance 25 cents for grown persons, children half price.

## THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD FELLOW, &amp;c.

*Taken from Life.*

O tempora! O mores!

HOW many there are who give up every pretension to the character of a Good Man, for the name of a *Good Fellow*! And what is a *Good Fellow*?—Why a graceless young man, who is addicted to every vice, until by debauchery and extravagance, which he does not really enjoy, he brings the "grey hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave."—This is a *Good-Fellow*!—Sometimes, in visiting the hospitable mansion of a friend, he corrupts the son, or debauches the daughter; and, yet, he is a *Good Fellow*!—He perhaps marries,—but to become fretful and penurious at home, and thoughtlessly profuse abroad, he dissipates that which should support his family, returning but to insult and distress them; yet he is generous over a bottle, and must be a *Good Fellow*!—At last his money runs short, and he would borrow of his friends: few will lend, and those few he forgets to pay, till every one avoids him, and he is no longer a welcome visitor even to mine hostess; for then he is no longer a *Good Fellow*!

## SCRAP.

AN Irishman who was tried for an assault and acquitted, in his de-



fence said, that the plaintiff's child went to the table where three of his children were at dinner, and struck one of them so violent a blow across the loins, that the poor creature fell down dead, and could not eat ten mouthfuls afterwards!

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, September 29, 1804.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 51 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 11—cholera morbus 1—convulsions 2—croup 1—debility 2—dropsy 1—dysentary 1—bilious fever 1—nervous fever 1—typhus fever 1—flux 14—hives 1—old age 1—scrofula 1—sprue 1—still born 1—sudden death 1—teething 3—and 6 have been suffered to die of the small-pox.

Of the above 15 were men—7 women—15 boys, and 14 girls.

Of the whole number 15 were of and under the age of 1 year—10 between 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—8 between 20 and 30—6 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—1 between 60 and 70—and 1 between 80 and 90.

It is with deep regret that we announce to our fellow-citizens the prevalence of a fatal fever at York-town, in Pennsylvania; fourteen deaths occurred in that Borough on Tuesday the 11th inst; a comparative degree of mortality, which exceeds what ever happened in this city in the years '93 and '98.

Register.

A most extraordinary over growth.—Capt. Andrews, who arrived yesterday from Eckwarden, brings no news of a political nature, but has furnished us with the following description of a child of most uncommon bulk, whom he saw in Oldenburg. It was a girl in the sixth year of her age. She weighed 165 pounds English weight; her height

was 4 feet 2 inches: she measured round the waist 4 feet 1 inch: the circumference of her head was 2 feet 4 inches; just above her wrist, 11 inches round: the calf of her leg, 1 foot 5 inches. It was with great difficulty she could walk across the room, and appeared to be very much distressed for breath; and her frame seemed scarcely to sustain such a load of flesh.

Her mother was a very small woman, and has had several children. She said that a gentleman had offered her £1500 sterling for the loan of the child for a twelve month, to carry to England as a sight. She had been carried to Hamburg and Bremen, with her mother, and exhibited in those cities.

The above description may be depended upon, as Capt. Andrews, was so struck with her appearance that he was at the trouble of taking the dimensions himself.

Salem pap.

### HORRID MURDER.

The recent murder of Ira Lane, who was murdered on the 27th ult. aged 7 years, by David Williams, aged 29, both of the town of Milton, and county of Cayuga, depicts the depravity of the human heart, and the imbecility of the human mind, in so impressive a manner, as to leave no doubt, that without the protection of Divine Providence, man, left to himself, becomes his own destroyer. The circumstances attending this inhuman and awful murder, are marked in so peculiar a manner, as to disarm the vain boast of self-sufficiency; and if this atrocious act is duly considered, will direct us to look up to that God from whom we have our being, as our only shield and defence from the seductive snares of our frail and depraved natures.—The circumstances which attended the awful catastrophe, are as follows:—The said David Williams, when examined before the magistrate, after committing the horrid deed, declared that he was tired of existence, and determined to rid himself of the burden of life; and at first determined to commit suicide: but the fear of a future punishment after this life, and self-murder being an offence against the Supreme Being, that, if he died in-

stantly, he would have no time for repentance, therefore thought, if he killed another person he must necessarily undergo the forms of law before execution, which would afford him an opportunity for repentance. After abandoning the idea of self-murder, for the reasons above stated, he sent for a young woman of his acquaintance, in the neighborhood, to come to his father's house to see him (the day he committed the deed) or it would be too late, after that, for the purpose he had in view, by requesting the interview. She having refused to come, he then determined to kill the first person that came in his way. Shortly after the refusal of the young woman being made known to him, the unfortunate Ira Lane, a neighbor's child, was going home from school, and saw Williams, with a gun in his hand, near the house of his (Williams's) father, and familiarly asked him if he was going to shoot a hawk? Williams replied in the affirmative, and instantly discharged his gun at the boy, which slightly wounded him in the abdomen; after which he carried the boy into the house, and laid him on a bed. The boy called for his father—Williams told him he would go and call him, but went for his axe, bringing it concealed behind him.—The boy having followed him, he took him a second time and put him to bed, and then struck him three blows with the edge of his axe, aiming at his neck, the two first missing the same, mangled his face prodigiously, but the third cut off his head; after which Williams retired within a wood near the fatal spot, awaiting for his pursuers, who shortly after came up to him.—At their approach he made no attempt to escape, but surrendered himself without resistance. When being carried before a magistrate, he confessed the fact, and assigned the foregoing reasons as the cause, exhibiting no signs of sorrow or confusion for what he had done.—He was committed to Canandaigua gaol, there to await the sitting of the Supreme Court. On being asked, if he was condemned to be hung, would he wish to be reprieved, he answered in the negative but said he wished not to be tried till he had time to repent.

The reason he assigned for selecting the child for the victim, was his being young and innocent, and needed no time for repentance.



Three things we infer from this monstrous deed, from the conduct of the murderer—First, the frailty of human reason—Secondly, the total depravity of the human heart—Thirdly, a belief in a future state, having a great influence upon the most abandoned, to deter them from the commission of crimes.—Take away the idea of future punishment, and the influence of religion on the human mind, and our eyes would often behold murders, suicides, and every species of crimes, and sink man far below the brute creation.

The Indian executed in the same county for murder assigned the same reason for committing the act.—It is worthy of remark, in favor of the population of the country, that the spectators who attended his execution were computed at 8000.

*Herkimer pap.*

#### DIDOT, THE PRINTER.

On Tuesday, the 10th July, died at Paris, in the 74th year of his age, Francois Ambrose Didot, born in the month of January, 1730, having two sons, Pierre and Firmin Didot.

This extraordinary man has brought the Art of Printing to a state of excellence unattained by any of his contemporaries, and among the number of improvements perfected by his exertions, is the construction of mills for making fine paper, which he assisted not only by his zeal and activity, but by pecuniary contribution. Didot invented a press by which the workman is enabled to stamp or print, equally and at once, the whole extent of a sheet. He was also the inventor of many other machines and instruments now commonly used in printing offices, and all which have powerfully contributed to the modern advancement of the typographical art.

The elegant editions published by order of Louis XVI. for the education of the Dauphin, were the production of the Didot's press, as well the theatrical selections by Corneille. The works of Racine, Telemachus, Tasso's Jerusalem, two superb bibles, and a multiplicity of other inestimable works, each of which, on its publication, has emanated fresh beauties, and made nearer approaches to perfection.

Didot sedulously endeavored to unite in his family every talent auxiliary to the Printing Art.—One of his sons became a celebrated type-founder; and the voice of fame announces the superior rank which they both deservedly hold among the printers of the age. The fond father delighted to observe that he was excelled by his children; while they dutifully ascribe their success to the force of his instruction, and the benefit of his example.

#### Married,

On Monday evening last, Mr. R. Voris, Merchant, to Mary Ann Browne, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Henry Morgan, Merchant, of this city, to Miss Hetty Purdy, daughter of Joshua Purdy, Esq. of Rye.

On Sunday evening, the 9th, at Fairfield, (Con.) Mr. William S. Smith, of this city, to Miss Eunice Squire, of Fairfield.

#### Died,

On Tuesday last, after a short illness, Mr. J. B. Dash, sen. aged 77 years.

Distant subscribers, are reminded that the present volume of the *VISITOR* will be finished on the 29th instant; after which, such as neglect to pay will be struck off the list.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.  
BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel great pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from

which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York.

Price One Dollar

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

#### FANCY BASKETS AND WOOD-EN WARE.

JAMES THORBURN, No. 26, Maiden Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business, he will continue to experience their patronage.

He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the *Magnet*, and other arrivals from Amsterdam, a very handsome assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. &c.

Clothes Baskets, of different sizes. Handsome toilet Baskets. Wine-Glass Baskets, round and oval, large and small. Market Baskets. Ladies' fine Kaitring Baskets, of different sizes. Childrens Baskets, different patterns. Counter Baskets. Tumbler Baskets, different sizes. Handsome Plates and Cake Baskets. Quatre-ville Boxes, &c. &c.

East-India and Holland Table-mats. Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Iron and Wooden bound. Pails; Brajs, Iron and Wooden bound. Coalers, Striped, Painted and Plain. Lignumvite Pestle and Mortars. Rolling Pins. Also Common Baskets, different kinds.

#### W. S. TURNER,

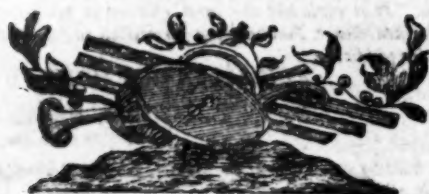
Informa his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are removed fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.





### RICHARD AND KATE.

(From Bloomfield's Poems.)

COME Goody, stop your hum-drum wheel,  
Sweep up your orts\* and get your hat,  
Old joys reviv'd once more I feel,  
Tis Fair day;—ay, and more than that.

Have you forgot, Kate, prithee say,  
How many seasons here we've tarry'd?  
Tis forty years, this very day,  
Since you and I, old girl, were married?

Look out;—the sun shines warm and bright,  
The stiles are low, the paths all dry;  
I know you cut your corns last night;  
Come, be as free from care as I.

For I'm resolv'd once more to see  
That place where we so often met;  
Though few have had more cares than we,  
We've none just now to make us fret.

Kate scorn'd to damp the generous flame  
That warm'd her aged partner's breast:  
Yet ere determination came,  
She thus some trifling doubts express'd.

Night will come on; when seated snug,  
And you've perhaps, begun some tale,  
Can you then leave your dear stone mug;  
Leave all the folks, and all the ale?

Ay, Kate, I woe!—because I know,  
Though time has been we both could run,  
Such days are gone and over now;  
I only mean to see the Sun.

She straight slipt off the Wall and Band,†  
And laid aside her Lucks and Twitches,‡  
And to the Hutch she reach'd her hand,  
And gave him out his Sunday breeches.

His mattock he behind the door  
And hedging gloves again replac'd;  
And look'd across the yellow moor,  
And urg'd his tott'ring spouse to haste.

The day was up, the air serene,  
The firmament without a cloud;  
The bee humm'd o'er the level green,  
Where knots of trembling cowslips bow'd:

\* Terms used in spinning. † A chest.  
‡ A pitcher.

And Richard thus, with heart elate,  
As past things rush'd across his mind,  
Over his shoulder talk'd to Kate,  
Who snug tuck'd up, walk'd slow behind.

When once a giggling mawther you,  
And I a red-face chubby boy,  
Sly tricks you play'd me not a few;  
For mischief was your greatest joy.

Once passing by this very tree,  
A Gotch of milk I'd been to fill,  
You shoulder'd me; then laugh'd to see  
Me and my Gotch spin down the hill.

Tis true, she said; but here behold,  
And marvel at the course of time;  
Tho' you and I are both grown old,  
This tree is only in its prime!

Well, Goody, don't stand preaching now;  
Folks don't preach sermons at a Fair;  
We've rear'd ten boys and girls you know,  
And I'll be bound they'll all be there.

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,  
From many a kind fair-going face;  
And many a pinch Kate gave away,  
While Richard kept his usual pace.

At length arriv'd amidst the throng,  
Grand children, bawling, hemm'd them round;  
And dragg'd them by the skirts along,  
Where gingerbread bestrew'd the ground.

And soon the aged couple spi'd,  
Their lusty sons, and daughters dear;  
When Richard thus exulting cri'd—  
Didn't I tell you they'd be here!

The cordial greetings of the soul  
Were visible in every face;  
Affection, void of all controul,  
Govern'd with resistless grace.

Twas good to see the honest strife,  
Which should contribute most to please,  
And hear the long-recounted life  
Of infant tricks and happy days.

But now, as at some nobler places,  
Among the leaders twas decreed  
Time to begin the Dicky Races,  
More fam'd for laughter than for speed.

Richard look'd on with wond'rous glee,  
And prais'd the lad who chanc'd to win;  
Kate, wasn't I such an one as he?  
As like him, ay, as pin to pin!

Full fifty years are pass'd away,  
Since I rode this same ground about;  
Lord! I was lively as the day!  
I won the high-lows out and out!

I'm surely growing young again;  
I feel myself so kedge and plump;  
From head to foot I've not a pain;  
Nay hang me if I couldn't jump.

Thus spoke the ale in Richard's pate,  
A very little made him mellow;  
But still he lov'd his faithful Kate,  
Who whisper'd thus: My good old fellow,

Remember what you promis'd me;  
And see the sun is getting low;  
The children want an hour you see,  
To take a bit before we go.

Like youthful lover most complying,  
He turn'd and chuckt her by the chin:  
Then all across the green grass hieing,  
Right merry faces, all akin—

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree  
That droop'd its branches from above,  
Awak'd the pure felicity  
That waits upon parental love.

Kate view'd her blooming daughters round,  
And sons, who shook her wither'd hand:  
Her features spoke what joys she found;  
But utterance had made a stand.

The children toppled on the green,  
And bowl'd their fairings down the hill;  
Richard with pride beheld the scene,  
Nor could he for his life sit still.

A father's uncheck'd feelings gave  
A tenderness to all he said;  
My boys how proud I am to have  
My name thus round the country spread!

Through all my days I've labor'd hard,  
And could of pains and crosses tell;  
But this is labour's great reward:  
To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

My good old partner, when at home,  
Sometimes with wishes mingles tears;  
Goody, says I, let what wool come,  
We've nothing for them but our prayers.

May you be all as old as I,  
And see your sons to manhood grow;  
And many a time before you die,  
Be just as pleas'd as I am now.

Then (raising still his mug and voice)  
An old man's weakness don't despise!  
I love you well my girls and boys;  
God bless you all;—so said his eyes.

For, as he spake, a big round drop  
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve;  
A witness which he could not stop,  
A witness which all hearts believe.

Thou, Filial Piety! were there;  
And round the ring, benignly bright,  
Dwelt in the luscious half shed tear,  
And in the parting word,—Good Night.

With thankful hearts and strengthen'd love,  
The poor old Pair, supremely blest,  
Saw the Sun sink behind the grove,  
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 102, WATER-STREET,  
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS  
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.



This image shows a blank, aged, light gray page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a textured, slightly mottled appearance with some minor dark spots and a faint horizontal crease near the top edge. The left edge of the page shows the binding structure and the edges of the preceding pages, which contain some faint, illegible text. The overall tone is a light gray, suggesting the age of the paper.